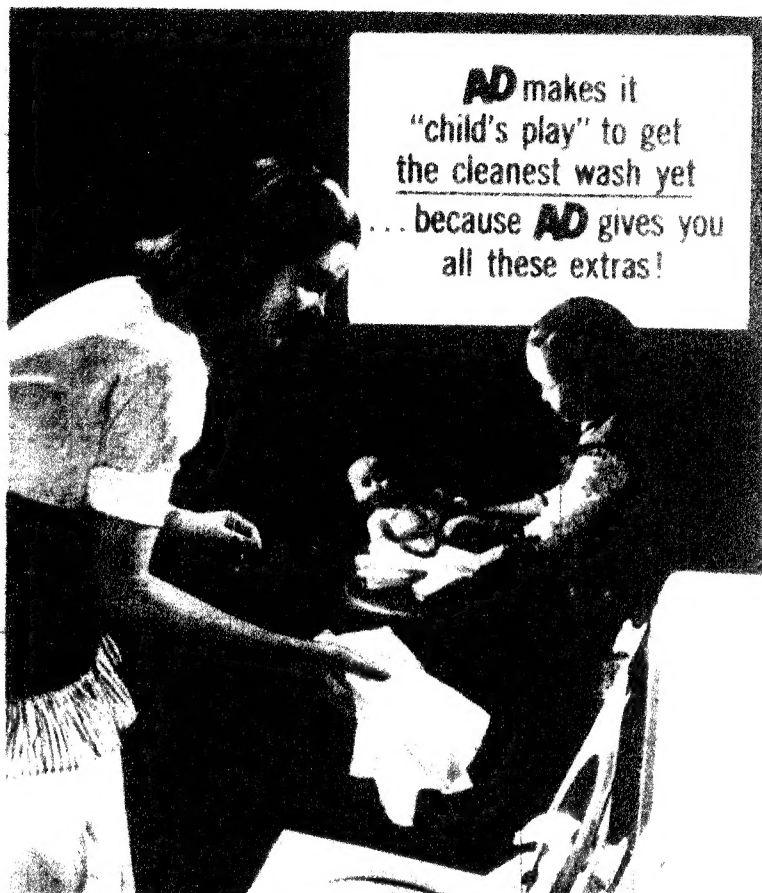




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## THE INQUIRER **Today** MAGAZINE

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## ON THE COVER

**E**XCITING fashion news from across the sea appears in the exquisite fabrics which dominate the spring collections of the Parisian haute couture. Fabrics unfamiliar for many a season make a big comeback, including the successful return of the crepes—georgette, crepe de Chine and a new, thin crinkled kind, as well as more delicate gabardine and other favorites of the Chanel period during the late '20s. Lightness is the rule, by day or night, as even the spring tweeds have an airy look and scarcely any bulk at all. Cotton, not so apparent in the spring collections of New York designers, is featured by the French—but with such lavish treatments! Cotton is printed as lavishly as silk in festive evening ensembles. Chiffon, printed, pastel or in vivid solid hues, appears in every collection. And prints are everywhere, with special emphasis on full-blown rose effects, lily patterns, coin dots and flowery abstracts.

Castillo for Lanvin presents *Baghdad* (upper left), an evening dress in aleoutienne gauze, embroidered in gold at the deep hemline and strapless bodice. This style is in the favored ankle-length for after-dark.

Christian Dior's *Mois de Mai* (upper right) proves the importance of the ladylike afternoon ensemble, composed of a dress in black and lily-printed organdy, topped by a green faille coat.

Jean Patou comes out strongly for the Spanish motif with *Flemenco* (lower left), a short dancing dress of printed silk organdy with bow-tied bodice and graceful, tiered skirt.

Genevieve Fath indorses the full-length evening dress in a design she calls *Marthe* (lower right) of printed organdy, seamed in red and green. —Cynthia Cebot



THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER MAGAZINE, MARCH 24, 1957



ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH P. KRUSH

# DITTO MAN

*By Jack Ritchie*



Bill, the foreign correspondent, began talking about foreign entanglements. "Now that you mention octopuses," I said, "did you hear about . . ."

It's tough wooing when a regular guy like Henry must compete with a shifty foreign correspondent who'd steal anybody's puns, no matter how wretched



ILLUSTRATED BY J.

# DITTO MA

**"I**'VE never trusted that man," I said darkly. "His heads are too close together."

But Pauline Wallace remained ecstatic. "There's the tattoo of an anchor on the back of Bill's hand. He looks so male when he smokes a cigaret, narrows his eyes, and gazes thoughtfully at the horizon."

Pauline's father put a hand on my shoulder. "You have my sympathies, Henry. I don't envy you having to compete with a foreign correspondent." His eyes clouded reminiscently. "In my day it was Ambrose Trask. He was in training to swim the English Channel and the hometown paper gave him a lot of publicity."

Mrs. Wallace surveyed the gleaming silver on her dining room table. "I do hope Bill isn't late. Everything is just about ready."

Mr. Wallace filled his pipe. "Ambrose practiced in the river six hours a day. He always seemed a little damp to me, but the girls liked him." He shook his head sadly. "Poor fellow. Discovered he was allergic to

salt water at the last moment. He sells used cars in Kewanee now."

I kept brooding. "The only reason Bill ever got through high school was because he copied my homework."

"You've got only one chance, Henry," Mr. Wallace said. "Be gay, witty, debonair." He studied me critically for a few moments. "On the other hand perhaps you'd better just stand pat on your virtues of steadiness and reliability."

Pauline's eyes were dreamy. "I wonder what it's like to be the wife of a foreign correspondent."

The front doorbell chimed and the Wallaces glanced at each other with a trace of nervousness before Mr. Wallace went to the door.

Bill Sedges walked into the room, his hands in the pockets of a trench coat. "It's good to meet honest straight-forward people again. One becomes so weary of the dissimulation one meets abroad."

Pauline clasped her hands. "We simply loved your talk at the Kiwanis Club last night. It must be wonderful

to travel and see things."

Mr. Wallace said. "What's dissimu-

"How are things?" Wallace asked.

Bill slipped on. "Everything's a very words I use Macmillan last v-

"To dissemble," said. "I looked an hour ago."

Bill glanced at smoothed his hair. Sir Winston to c-

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ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH P. KRUSH

# O M A N

*By Jack Ritchie*

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things."

Mr. Wallace scratched his head.  
"What's dissimulation?"

"How are things in Europe?" Mrs.  
Wallace asked brightly.

Bill slipped out of his trench coat.  
"Everything's a mess. Those were the  
very words I used when I saw Harold  
Macmillan last week."

"To dissemble; feign; pretend," I  
said. "I looked it up about half an  
hour ago."

Bill glanced at a wall mirror and  
smoothed his hair. "I've been begging  
Sir Winston to come out of retirement.  
He's promised to consider it."

"Speaking of France," I said, "did  
you hear about the Frenchman who  
sat on the terrace next to his swimming  
pool sipping a drink?"

Pauline kept her attention on Bill.  
"I'm so glad there's nothing wrong  
with your eyes. We thought that  
something might have happened when  
we saw a photograph of you wearing  
an eyepatch. You did look frightfully  
dashing."

Bill nodded. "I know," A moment  
of gloom possessed his face. "Had to  
give it up though. Some shirt company  
threatened to sue me."

"He was sipping this drink," I said,  
"when a small deer came hopping out  
of the woods. The Frenchman, being  
in a pixy mood, extended his glass and  
the deer took a sip."

I smiled. "Well, sir, this deer took  
the sip and then jumped into the swim-  
ming pool. He swam about half way  
across and then suddenly disappeared  
beneath the water."

There was iciness in Pauline's voice.  
"I suppose your story has a point."

"Why, yes," I said, nodding con-  
fidently. "Absinthe makes the hart go  
founder."

"I think," Mrs. Wallace said thought-  
fully, "that we had better begin din-  
ner."

Over dessert, Bill began talking  
about foreign entanglements.

"Now that you mention octopuses,"  
I said, "did you hear about the octopus  
that got all tangled up?"

No one volunteered curiosity.



*Bill, the foreign correspondent, began talking about foreign entanglements. "Now that you*

## It's tough wooing when a regular guy like Henry mu foreign correspondent who'd steal anybody's puns, n

"It seems," I said, "that he tried to clap his hands and missed."

A touch of pride came into my voice. "This is all original material."

Mr. Wallace looked at me. "You're losing, boy. Just be steady and reliable."

I shrugged. "Ah, well. The essence of defeat is Blood, Fret and Fears."

At 7:30, Bill consulted his watch. "I'm afraid I'll have to leave now. I'm speaking in West River tonight."

I looked at the ceiling. "I seem to have read about it in the papers."

"All reserved seats," Bill said happily. "And sold out." He smiled at Pauline. "I'll see you tomorrow night?"

"We have a date tomorrow, Pauline," I said. "Don't you remember? There's a Roy Rogers picture at the Climax."

Pauline wasn't paying attention. She smiled at Bill. "Tomorrow night. About eightish?"

When Bill was gone there was a silence while the Wallace family considered me.

"Maybe we could see the Rogers picture tonight instead, Pauline," I said. "I'd sure hate to have you miss it."

"No!" Pauline said emphatically.

I rubbed my jaw. "Suppose we drive over to West River and take in Bill's lecture. I was looking through my wallet the other day and I discovered I had two tickets."

Pauline looked at me suspiciously.

"We ought to go somewhere tonight," I said defensively. "I don't think we should just sit here and hate me. It's unhealthy."

We got to West River a little after 8 and parked in front of the high school auditorium.

Pauline frowned as we took our seats. "Just leave it to you to get us seats behind a pillar. I can't see the platform."

"It works sort of both ways," I said, peeking around the pillar. "The platform can't see us either. Anyway, the important thing is that we can hear."

The audience waited another five

minutes and then the River High introduced strode out from the w

He waited for the and then smiled bro away for over three you it's wonderful t among my own peopl

He paused a few s tinued to smile. "I'm Frenchman who sat his swimming pool si

Pauline gasped an covertly.

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minutes and then the principal of West River High introduced Bill and he strode out from the wings of the stage.

He waited for the applause to die and then smiled broadly. "I've been away for over three years and I tell you it's wonderful to be back home among my own people."

He paused a few seconds and continued to smile. "I'm reminded of the Frenchman who sat on the terrace of his swimming pool sipping a drink."

Pauline gasped and glanced at me covertly.

"Once in geometry class," I said, "I deliberately put down all the wrong answers. Bill had the seat next to me at the time." I chuckled. "Bill failed the test."

Bill's story got a nice reception.

"Come to think of it," I said, "I failed the test, too. That more or less took the fun out of it. I hope history doesn't repeat itself."

When Bill got to the subject of foreign entanglements, his smile widened again. "The situation over there is a mess. It rather reminds me

of the octopus who got all tangled up."

I beamed and nodded at the punch line.

Pauline studied me with great care. And then she smiled and I knew that she had come back home.

I snapped my fingers. "I knew I forgot something at dinner tonight. It was about the man who erected a building 200 yards long and two inches wide. It was a spaghetti warehouse."

I sighed. "It would have been really interesting to see how that could have been used in a speech about Europe."

Pauline got to her feet. "I think we might as well go."

"But Pauline," I said. "We haven't gotten to the Essence of Defeat yet."

I left with a faint touch of regret.

When Bill showed up at Pauline's home the next night, we took him to the movies.

He didn't seem to consider it an exciting evening.

I don't see why.

That horse Trigger is a mighty fine actor.

THE END